

The Boy That Time Forgot, by Paul Magrs

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[Part One]

RUPERT: Mrs Mapp? Mrs Mapp! Oh, there you are. You shouldn't have strayed so far alone. You could have...

BEATRICE: I'm perfectly capable of taking care of myself, Mister Von Thal.

RUPERT: Rupert, please. Well, perhaps you are strolling about in Bloomsbury, my dear, but this is my element, the jungle wilderness.

BEATRICE: The empty wilderness. That machete of yours would be better employed in cutting us some more firewood rather than acting as a rapier to protect me.

RUPERT: This is an exceedingly hostile environment.

BEATRICE: So are the literary salons of London, Mister Von Thal, believe me.

RUPERT: What was that?

BEATRICE: Nothing. Now, help me with this branch. I think it...

(Roar.)

BEATRICE: What in the name of...?

RUPERT: Dear God in Heaven! It must be twelve feet high. Well, fourteen, perhaps.

BEATRICE: Don't just stand there calculating its height, kill it!

RUPERT: What? Oh yes, at once.

(Clang.)

RUPERT: It's no good. My blade simply rebounds off its chitinous hide.

BEATRICE: Its chitinous hide? Stab it in the eye, for heaven's sake!

RUPERT: Stab it?

BEATRICE: In the eye!

RUPERT: Take that!

(Roar.)

BEATRICE: Look out!

(Rupert cries out. Roar then silence.)

BEATRICE: Mister Von Thal? Mister Von Thal?

(Dragging sound..)

BEATRICE: Are you all right?

RUPERT: Yeah, I'm fine. If a little nauseous.

BEATRICE: I'm not surprised. That creature's blood smells like Billingsgate. Give me your hand.

RUPERT: Thank you. Thank you.

RUPERT: By Jove! It snapped my machete. What do you think it was? Some giant locust or a mantis, perhaps?

BEATRICE: I've no idea. Have you ever seen the like in your travels?

RUPERT: Never. And I've explored the most inaccessible corners of our world, experienced the most terrible things, like when I was taken up the Limpopo by the natives.

BEATRICE: Come along, Rupert. Let's get back to the others. It's hard to tell, what with the sky being that rather outré shade of mauve, but I think that night is approaching. This way.

RUPERT: Do you think he's right after all?

BEATRICE: Who's right?

RUPERT: That man. He said we'd gone back in time, that this was some evil period in our world's distant history.

BEATRICE: That man has got some stiff questions coming his way. Bringing us here, what was he thinking?

RUPERT: Never mind what he was thinking. How did he do it? That's the question that's troubling me.

BEATRICE: And why?

RUPERT: Precisely. Seemed just a lark at first.

BEATRICE: I took it very seriously. Somehow I knew his experiment would succeed. From the first moment when we were all assembled in my sitting-room, I knew it would be a success. You see, Mister Von Thal, even then I believed in him. That man, the Doctor.

(General conversation. Tapping on glass.)

DOCTOR: I say. Hello? Hello?

(Someone shushes the gathering.)

DOCTOR: Er, yes. Er, good morning, everyone. I'm the Doctor. Thank you all for coming, and - and thank you, Mrs Mapp, for allowing me to use your sitting-room for my experiment.

BEATRICE: I'm sure we're all rather intrigued, Doctor, by what you hope to achieve during this experiment of

yours.

NYSSA: None more so than me.

DOCTOR: Thank you, Nyssa. Let's just see what happens, shall we?

QUANDRY: Very well. Do get on with it, will you?

NYSSA: Please, Professor, have patience.

QUANDRY: What the devil...? Mrs Mapp, your maidservant is lecturing me on temperance.

NYSSA: Maidservant?

BEATRICE: Miss Nyssa is the Doctor's assistant, Professor Quandry.

NYSSA: Assistant?

DOCTOR: Er - research associate, actually.

NYSSA: Better.

DOCTOR: Look, shall we get on?

RUPERT: So how does it work, then, eh? Kind of a séance thing, is it? Table-rapper, is it, Mrs Mapp?

BEATRICE: Wait and see, Mister Von Thal.

DOCTOR: Not a séance, no. No, something I hope you will find much more interesting. You're all here, some of the finest minds in the Empire, to lend your mental weight to a unique experiment.

RUPERT: Finest minds, eh? Huh. I'm just a humble explorer, old man. I'm only here because I'm a friend of the vexatious Professor Quandry.

NYSSA: We needed twelve. We were two short.

BEATRICE: We're just making up the numbers, Mister Von Thal.

RUPERT: If I'm number eleven, who, pray, is number twelve?

(Door opens.)

BEATRICE: Ah. Brenda. Right on cue.

BRENDA: Will you be wanting the tea now, madam?

BEATRICE: No, Brenda, stop that at once, we're embarking on an experiment and we need you to assist.

BRENDA: Desist, Madam? I've not started yet.

DOCTOR: Er, here. Sit down, Brenda, you can fill the gap next to Professor Quandry.

QUANDRY: Help make up the numbers.

BEATRICE: Sit, girl.

BRENDA: Yes, ma'am.

BEATRICE: Finally we are a quorum. Correct, Doctor?

DOCTOR: Correct. Now, I want you all to link hands around the table. Mrs Mapp, if you wouldn't mind. That's it. And Mister Von Thal, hold hands with Nyssa, and all the rest of you.

QUANDRY: Hold hands, yes, yes, good grief.

DOCTOR: Until all twelve of us are joined as one.

RUPERT: Well, I don't mind holding the hand of a lovely lady.

NYSSA: There's no need to grip, Mister Von Thal.

DOCTOR: Now, I need you to concentrate. I'm about to say a series of numbers, and I want you to repeat them out loud. Then I want you to let yourselves sink into a trance.

BEATRICE: But what for, Doctor? What are we hoping to achieve?

DOCTOR: Transference, Mrs Mapp. Now, you keep repeating 0001. Mister Von Thal...

BEATRICE: 0001...

DOCTOR: ... you say 0110, and Professor Quandry...

RUPERT: 0110...

DOCTOR: ... 1110. And Brenda...

QUANDRY: 1110...

DOCTOR: ... 1010.

BRENDA: 1010...

(Voices blend, a humming.)

NYSSA: Doctor, something is not right. Block Transfer Computation is never this quick.

DOCTOR: I agree, Nyssa. Everyone, stop! The experiment's gone wrong...!

(Echoing and fading.)

(Nyssa gasps for breath.)

SCORPION KING: Welcome to my city.

NYSSA: Who - who are you?

SCORPION KING: A friend. A very old friend.

NYSSA: What do you want with me?

SCORPION KING: You left me. Now I'm calling you back. Will you come, Nyssa?

(NYSSA gasps.)

DOCTOR: Nyssa? Are you all right? Were you having a bad dream?

NYSSA: There's something out there, someone, waiting for us.

DOCTOR: It's just an after-echo of the computations, I expect.

NYSSA: No, Doctor, this was different. I saw a city, down there in the valley. I was inside it.

DOCTOR: Interesting. You didn't happen to detect the Tardis anywhere on your astral travels, did you?

NYSSA: I don't think it's the Tardis that's drawn us here. It's something else.

DOCTOR: You may be right. Someone or something's knocked us off-course, certainly. I sensed it during the séance. Something nagging at me, pulling me back.

NYSSA: The fire's getting low. Where are the others?

DOCTOR: Mrs Mapp went off in search of wood, and Mister Von Thal took it upon himself to act as her escort.

NYSSA: I expect the sparks are already flying. Are you going to tell them, Beatrice and Rupert, that it's gone wrong?

DOCTOR: From their point of view I suppose we've been successful. I've given them a glimpse of their prehistoric past.

(Buzz.)

DOCTOR: Ow!

NYSSA: Doctor?

DOCTOR: Nothing. I'm just being bitten to bits by these insect things.

NYSSA: It's probably the fire that's bringing them in.

DOCTOR: Moths to a flame - I know. Ow! Why aren't you being bitten?

NYSSA: You must taste nicer. (echoes)

KRANLEE: Madam Teegarna, the whole valley is seething with word of new arrivals. Foul, soft-bodied things.

TEEGARNA: I do not like it, Kranlee. They threaten our equilibrium, disturb our precious calculations.

KRANLEE: Then I say destroy them.

(Click, click.)

KRANLEE: Crush them in our pincers before they cause further upset.

TEEGARNA: No. Take a patrol up to the heath. Find these soft-bodies and bring them here.

KRANLEE: If that is what the Hierarchy demands, madam. I assume Lohkaar is aware of these developments?

TEEGARNA: Nothing escapes Lohkaar. He sits at the very heart of our web of intelligence, does he not? He senses each and every twitch in our city and the valley beyond. Now, go.

KRANLEE: As you command, Madam Teegarna.

TEEGARNA: And Kranlee? Your place in the calculations is but a small one. Always remember that.

KRANLEE: Yes, Madam Teegarna.

(Putting wood to the fire.)

RUPERT: There. That ought to... (coughs) get her going.

NYSSA: (coughs) I think that's plenty now, Mister Von Thal.

RUPERT: Rupert, my dear. Rupert.

BEATRICE: Well? What do you propose to do about it, Doctor?

DOCTOR: Do about what, Mrs Mapp?

BEATRICE: Getting us home again. I've had quite enough of this benighted place with its giant manti.

RUPERT: I believe the correct plural is mantises.

BEATRICE: I shall ignore that. And we'd like to return to West 1, please, tout de suite.

DOCTOR: That might be a problem.

RUPERT: You mean you can't do your fancy magic trick again to get us home?

DOCTOR: How many more times? It wasn't magic.

RUPERT: Well, if it wasn't magic, what was it?

NYSSA: Remember those numbers the Doctor told you to repeat, as we all sat there?

RUPERT: Some kind of meditative exercise, I presume, like those fakir chaps get up to.

NYSSA: What you were doing was a form of Block Transfer Computation. Now, I don't understand it half as well as the Doctor does...

DOCTOR: But you're doing very well, Nyssa. Carry on.

NYSSA: But it's a way of making real things happen in the world through the power of numbers and mathematics. Our universe is fashioned out of raw probability, and the numbers run very deeply into the fabric of our various realities. By altering the numbers...

BEATRICE: We alter reality? Yes, I can sort of see that.

RUPERT: Still seems like a lot of hoo-hah to me, but go on. You thought us back through time by having us mumble all these numbers.

DOCTOR: The computations allowed me to access the Space-Time continuum in a very limited way. I was hoping to skirt the outer layers and pick up a trace of the flight of my ship, the Tardis.

RUPERT: Now I'm completely lost.

NYSSA: We have a Time and Space machine, but it was stolen.

BEATRICE: By whom? A time thief?

DOCTOR: A street urchin, actually, name of Thomas Brewster. Anyway, the thing is, the experiment was rather more successful than I anticipated. Somehow for some reason the computations brought us here.

NYSSA: But in order to get us here, it took the combined concentration of a full twelve of us.

BEATRICE: But surely you have the necessary skill to take us back?

DOCTOR: Not with only four of us, I'm afraid.

RUPERT: So where are the rest of them? Quandry and the others?

DOCTOR: They broke the circle, they must have, out of fear or panic.

NYSSA: That's why there are only four of us.

BEATRICE: So the rest are back in Bloomsbury?

NYSSA: If they're not adrift in Time and Space.

DOCTOR: Not a pleasant thought, Nyssa.

BEATRICE: This'll be down to Brenda, I expect, my maid. Most unreliable. I'll have a word with the agency when I get back.

RUPERT: Let me get this straight. Are you saying that we're stuck here, for ever?

TEEGARNA: Kranlee's soldiers will not fail, Lohkaar.

LOHKAAR: I hope not, Madam Teegarna. I am most intrigued by these soft-bodied freaks.

TEEGARNA: And is His Excellency also intrigued? I take it that's where you're scuttling off to.

LOHKAAR: You should know better than to ask such a frivolous question.

TEEGARNA: And I'd have thought you'd have been more interested in His Excellency's reactions, Lohkaar. These visitors stand on two legs. Doesn't that make you curious?

LOHKAAR: It isn't our job to be curious. We are here to serve His Excellency and to maintain the calculations.

TEEGARNA: We thought our Excellency was unique in the world, did we not? A creature worthy of ruling over us all and telling us what to do?

LOHKAAR: Careful, Teegarna. You speak treason.

TEEGARNA: Did you never think it odd that we selected a member of another species to rule over us? A mammal?

LOHKAAR: This is how it has been for a long time, and his reign has been most excellent.

TEEGARNA: But we have never seen others like His Excellency before. Perhaps they are just as excellent. Or even more excellent than he is.

LOHKAAR: You go too far, Madam Teegarna.

TEEGARNA: Do not raise your pincer to me, Lohkaar. Like most of our hierarchy you are stuck in your ways, thinking nothing will ever change, but it will, Lohkaar, and you won't be ready for it.

LOHKAAR: I won't have to be, for nothing will have changed. The calculations maintain the equilibrium perfectly. They maintain us in a state of perpetual excellence.

TEEGARNA: For now.

LOHKAAR: Madam Teegarna, you would do well to conceal that sardonic edge to your voice. It smacks of insubordination.

TEEGARNA: Does it? Oh, surely not.

LOHKAAR: Be mindful of your place in the hierarchy, Teegarna. Now, I have kept His Excellency waiting long enough. (leaves)

TEEGARNA: Oh, but I am, Lohkaar. I'm very mindful of my place.

DOCTOR: Nyssa? Where are you, Nyssa?

NYSSA: Over here.

DOCTOR: Are you all right?

NYSSA: I came to admire the view, and to clear my head.

DOCTOR: Ah. Our Victorian friends getting you down, are they?

NYSSA: They should be glad you've brought them here and shown them this. You've brought them somewhere no one else could, and look at it. It's beautiful. Cycads, tree ferns, podocarps - and all they want to do is go home.

DOCTOR: They're just scared. This is all unknown to them. They like to control things, tame them, make them their own. That's what they were like in their own place and time.

NYSSA: I've spent a little while in their century, and I'm glad to be out of it. All these Victorians, pretending they're so civilised, and all the while enslaving and exploiting the rest of their world, filling it with foul, choking fumes, making wars, creating inequality.

DOCTOR: I know, I know. Listen, have you picked up any more signals from this city of yours?

NYSSA: It's still there, like a whisper in the dark. If I close my eyes and concentrate... It's no good, Doctor, it's too faint.

DOCTOR: Well, let me know if it gets any stronger. Now, come on. Rupert and Bea will be wondering where we've got to.

NYSSA: This place is a paradise. It seems a shame it's going to fill up with the ancestors of those two.

DOCTOR: Oh, come now, Nyssa. Some of my best friends have been human beings.

NYSSA: Yes, I've never quite understood that.

SCORPION KING: Nyssa? Are you there? Open your mind to me.

LOHKAAR: Excellency. Your Excellency.

SCORPION KING: Oh Lohkaar, you idiot. The link, it's gone. Now... now I'll have to scan the ether all over again.

LOHKAAR: I apologise, Excellency.

SCORPION KING: Oh, get up off your abdomen, Lohkaar. What is it you want?

LOHKAAR: You sent for me, Excellency.

SCORPION KING: Di...? Wh...? Oh, did I?

LOHKAAR: Something of the utmost importance. An adjustment to the calculations, perhaps?

SCORPION KING: Oh. Oh yes, I recall now. It... it's feeding time for my pet. There's a mantis carcass in the drop pot.

LOHKAAR: Oh, I see. You want this meat dragging ov...

SCORPION KING: To the pit, yes. I'm not quite strong enough. Oh, she can smell it. Oh, here she comes.

LOHKAAR: Shall I just throw it down to her?

SCORPION KING: Please. Ah. Slim pickings today, I'm afraid, pretty one. Ah! Oh, isn't she magnificent? I've always been rather fond of spiders. I have an affinity with them. With all arachnids.

LOHKAAR: Indeed, Excellency.

SCORPION KING: Mmm. You look shifty, Lohkaar.

LOHKAAR: Shifty?

SCORPION KING: Eager to be elsewhere?

LOHKAAR: Certainly not, Excellency.

SCORPION KING: Mmm. What about meeting and questioning the strangers, eh? Are you sure you wouldn't rather be doing that?

LOHKAAR: Strangers, Excellency?

SCORPION KING: Bipedal hominids, Lohkaar. Mammalian freaks. Super-advanced apes. Mmm. Thought you'd see them for yourself first, did you, before alerting me?

LOHKAAR: I... I didn't want to disturb your rest, Excellency. Of late you have been so weary, what with the cares of the day-to-day running of our magnificent city...

SCORPION KING: You don't give me that. You saw that these strangers were of the same species as me, didn't you? You were intrigued by that.

LOHKAAR: Your Excellency...

SCORPION KING: I don't like it. In future I want to know everything that happens here. I may be old, but I still retain all of my faculties. And whatever you may think, I still rule here. This is still my world.

LOHKAAR: Excellency, do not agitate yourself. In meeting the ape primitives first I hoped merely to spare you the extra work. But if you would rather question and examine them yourself...

SCORPION KING: Of course I would.

LOHKAAR: I understand. You are eager to see creatures of your own kind again.

SCORPION KING: Oh, not just any creatures, Lohkaar. These particular ones. Nyssa and the Doctor.

(Fire burning.)

RUPERT: I don't like it, Mrs Mapp. We should stick together. You should never split up when you're in the wild.

BEATRICE: They haven't been gone long.

RUPERT: What if he and the girl just go whistling off, eh? Summon up some more of that mumbo-jumbo of theirs and simply abandon us here?

BEATRICE: Oh, I don't think they'd do that, Mister Von Thal, even if they could.

RUPERT: Huh. Hmm. These crickets are nearly roasted. I think I'll just turn them over. So where did you say you met them, the Doctor and Miss Nyssa? In a tea-shop near the British Museum, wasn't it? Babbling on about the fifth dimension?

BEATRICE: Shh! Rupert, did you hear that?

RUPERT: What?

BEATRICE: Something moving, in the bushes.

RUPERT: No, nothing. Oh, you called me Rupert.

BEATRICE: I panicked.

RUPERT: That makes two of us, Beatrice.

BEATRICE: Look, there. Eyes, blazing in the darkness.

RUPERT: Good Lord. And there's more over there. And there.

BEATRICE: We're surrounded.

RUPERT: Giant scorpions! Beatrice, behind me.

BEATRICE: Here. Torches.
RUPERT: Torches?
BEATRICE: To ward them off. Like this.
RUPERT: Oh, excellent, yes. Take that! Hah! And that!
BEATRICE: We can't hold out forever against them. These torches will... Oh!
DOCTOR: Leave them alone. Get back!
BEATRICE: Oh! Thank you, Doctor. I think you frightened them. Look. They're standing back in shock.
NYSSA: I don't think they're in shock, Mrs Mapp. I think they're listening.
RUPERT: Listening? You don't mean to say that they can understand us?
DOCTOR: I don't know. Can you? Hmm, most interesting.
RUPERT: Interesting?
DOCTOR: Mister Von Thal, we can't defend our camp all night and we can't fight them.
RUPERT: So?
NYSSA: So we have to talk to them.
DOCTOR: Always the best way.
BEATRICE: Talk to them? Are you mad? How fluent are you in Scorpion?
DOCTOR: Listen and learn, Mrs Mapp.
NYSSA: Doctor, be careful.
DOCTOR: Oh, I will be, I promise. Good evening. I wonder if I could speak to whoever's in charge. I'd like to call a truce. A parlay. Pow-wow. Confab.
(His words heard as if underwater.)
KRANLEE: What is this gibberish? Perhaps the creature's offering itself as a sacrifice.
BEATRICE: They're making an awful noise, Doctor.
RUPERT: Probably they're laughing at you. I can't say I blame them. Most bedamned thing I ever witnessed.
KRANLEE: Guards, be ready. If the yellow-haired one steps any closer, destroy him.
DOCTOR: It's no good, I'm not getting through.
NYSSA: That settles it, then. The Tardis isn't in this time period. If it were, its telepathic circuits would be translating your words.
DOCTOR: Certainly looks that way, doesn't it?
RUPERT: I told you parlay wouldn't work. Brute strength, that's what's needed now. Ah!
BEATRICE: You can't take them on, Rupert. There could be any number of those things out there in the dark.
NYSSA: She's right. We must surrender.
DOCTOR: Torches back in the fire, everyone. Mister Von Thal?
RUPERT: Oh, very well.
DOCTOR: Now, put your hands up.

TEEGARNA: Come in, Kranlee. The bush telegraph is clear.
KRANLEE [OC]: We have overcome them, Madam Teegarna.
TEEGARNA: You have done well, Kranlee.
KRANLEE [OC]: We will be back in the city within the hour.
TEEGARNA: Good. I will sever this connection now. Hurry, Kranlee. His Excellency is keen to see the creatures. As am I.

KRANLEE: My fellow arachnids. I, Kranlee, have captured these mammalian freaks in the jungle. Look upon them with disgust.
BEATRICE: Just look at it. It's like being inside a monumental Saint Paul's.
RUPERT: Or inside a giant termite hill.
DOCTOR: It's certainly quite a place.
RUPERT: How many of them live here, do you think, in this nest?
NYSSA: Millions. But it's not a nest. It's a city.
RUPERT: And the citizens have laid on a parade for us, pincers and all.
DOCTOR: Nyssa, is this how it was in your dream?
NYSSA: Yes. Exactly.
RUPERT: Do you mind? We're not cattle.
BEATRICE: I rather think that's precisely what we are, Rupert.
RUPERT: How do you mean?
BEATRICE: We're being shepherded towards that... tower, I suppose you'd call it.
RUPERT: Cows to the slaughterhouse. Oh, Lord.
NYSSA: Doctor, can you hear it?
DOCTOR: Hear what, Nyssa?
NYSSA: The chanting. Zeroes and ones. Listen.
DOCTOR: The tune of it. The strange music of it, it's mathematics. Has to be some form of computation.
NYSSA: Yes. And where have we heard that before?

RUPERT: Look lively you two, we're here.

(Three knocks.)

KRANLEE: I crave entrance to the Palace of Excellence. I, Kranlee, have brought the mammalian freaks.

(Door opens.)

TEEGARNA: Fall back, Kranlee. I shall lead the escort from here.

KRANLEE: But... Madam Teegarna.

TEEGARNA: Remember your place, Kranlee. Come, captives. His Excellency awaits. Move, you soft-bodied fools.

RUPERT: Sorry, old fella. Don't know what you're on about.

BEATRICE: Don't antagonise it, Rupert. It clearly wants you to follow.

DOCTOR: None of this should be here. Giant scorpions building cities, it's like some alternative reality.

What's happened to the world? Nyssa, you've gone very pale.

NYSSA: Doctor, in my dream, I think I know who it was who spoke to me.

DOCTOR: You do?

NYSSA: But it can't be.

TEEGARNA: Stop. Here are the captives, Lohkaar.

LOHKAAR: Thank you, Madam Teegarna. Excellency? Your Excellency? They have been brought to you, as you demanded.

RUPERT: Here we go. Scorpion King.

BEATRICE: But - it's a man.

DOCTOR: Great Scott. Methuselah.

SCORPION KING: At last. At last you're here. I knew you'd come in the end, Doctor.

RUPERT: Doctor, do you know this old buffer?

DOCTOR: I... I don't believe it.

NYSSA: It's him. It's really him.

DOCTOR: Adric?

[Part Two]

ADRIC: You're looking confused, Doctor. I hoped you'd be delighted.

(Played by Andrew Sachs, not Matthew Waterhouse.)

NYSSA: Adric, it can't be you. It simply can't.

ADRIC: Impeccable logic, Nyssa, same as ever. But it is me nonetheless. I've been languishing here in the backwaters of history for... oh, so many years.

NYSSA: But you died. We watched the freighter burn up in the atmosphere.

DOCTOR: It crashed into prehistoric Earth. The impact caused the destruction of the dinosaurs.

RUPERT: Dinosaurs? What's he talking about?

BEATRICE: It would appear there's more to this than meets the eye.

ADRIC: Destruction? No, no, my dear Doctor. Think rather, creation.

DOCTOR: What have you done, Adric? What have you done to the world?

ADRIC: I, Doctor? Don't you mean you?

DOCTOR: You shouldn't be here.

ADRIC: But I am.

RUPERT: I don't know what you're arguing about, but we've come a long way, and...

ADRIC: And who are these two, Doctor? Another pair of companions you've plucked from history, and brought along for the ride? Until they get hurt, hmm? Or damaged? Or killed?

NYSSA: Adric, please.

ADRIC: What happened to Tegan, by the way?

NYSSA: She's fine. We left her at Heathrow.

BEATRICE: Listen. Mister... Adric, is it? I've no idea what grudge you have against the Doctor and Miss Nyssa, but they certainly didn't kidnap us. Mister Von Thal and I came here of our own volition. It was our choice.

ADRIC: That's what I thought too. But where are my manners? You must be tired, mm? Lohkaar? Take those two, find them a place to rest. Oh, just use your initiative, Lohkaar. Hand them over to Madam Teegarna, then.

NYSSA: Doctor, he's taking to the scorpions.

DOCTOR: And they understand every word he says. Interesting.

ADRIC: Yes, you'd best go with him. He's not known for his patience.

BEATRICE: Thank you. Oh, steady on.

RUPERT: Gently does it, old chap. Doctor?

ADRIC: Oh, the Doctor and Nyssa will join you later. We need a few moments to catch up. Take them away. Now... Ah, peace at last.

NYSSA: Adric, you've changed. You were never so cold.
ADRIC: I wasn't, was I? But all this time in a place like this, your thoughts can turn bitter. They can turn to revenge.
DOCTOR: Revenge?
ADRIC: Mmm.
DOCTOR: So that's why we're here.
ADRIC: Come over here, Doctor. There's something I have to show you.
DOCTOR: Very well.
ADRIC: Not you, Nyssa. Just him.
NYSSA: Doctor?
DOCTOR: It's all right. I'll be fine. Well, what is it?
ADRIC: Down there, in the pit.
DOCTOR: I don't see anything.
ADRIC: Well, look closer. Doctor!
(The Doctor cries out, thud.)
NYSSA: Doctor! Adric! What did you do that for?
DOCTOR: It's all right. I'm not hurt.
ADRIC: Oh, that's a relief. My little pet wouldn't want her meal spoilt.
DOCTOR: Your little...?
NYSSA: Doctor, behind you!
DOCTOR: Ah. Hello there. My, you're a big girl, aren't you? Ah!
NYSSA: Doctor!

RUPERT: In here? Bit cramped, isn't it?
BEATRICE: Oh, just do as he says, Rupert. As long as we can put our feet up for a while. I'm absolutely exhausted.
TEEGARNA: I wish I could speak with you two. There's so much I would ask you. Who are you, really? Did you come from a valley near here? His Excellency seemed to know... How is that?
BEATRICE: We can't understand you. There's no use talking to us.
TEEGARNA: Oh, it's useless, trying to get through to you two freaks.
BEATRICE: It's leaving us alone, I think. Thank goodness.
RUPERT: It's using the boulder to shut us in. Oh no you don't!
BEATRICE: Rupert?
RUPERT: Tread on its tail. Beatrice.
BEATRICE: What? Oh, yes. Have that!
RUPERT: Ah! There, without your stinger, there's not much you can do to us, is there? Wriggle and shriek all you like, insect. You're not locking us away to rot in this dung heap of yours.
TEEGARNA: (faint) Please.
BEATRICE: Rupert? Did you hear that? I think it said please.
RUPERT: Reinforcements. Beatrice, watch out!

DOCTOR: My, what big eyes you've got. All eight of them.
ADRIC: Oh, give up, Doctor. The more you run around, the more calories she'll burn, and the hungrier she'll get.
NYSSA: Adric, let him out of there.
ADRIC: Oh, Nyssa, it's only a bit of fun. I'm just getting him scared, that's all.
DOCTOR: Adric, I don't know what you're trying to prove... Oh!
ADRIC: Prove? I don't have anything to prove.
NYSSA: Then what good is this doing?
ADRIC: Does it have to do any good? Isn't it enough that it's amusing to me?
NYSSA: Amusing?
ADRIC: And I don't suppose the Doctor minds. He likes facing danger, doesn't he? That's it. Shake him up a bit. Rattle his bones.
NYSSA: Adric, let him out of there at once.
ADRIC: Oh, boring. Lohkaar, Lohkaar?
LOHKAAR: Excellency?
ADRIC: Oh, lower the meat pot.
LOHKAAR: As you command.
DOCTOR: Why can't I meet some normal-sized spiders for once?
NYSSA: Grab hold of the meat pot, Doctor.
DOCTOR: I'm trying. It's not as easy as it - oh! - Got it.
ADRIC: Heave, Lohkaar, heave.
NYSSA: Doctor, take my hand.

DOCTOR: Thank you.
ADRIC: Oh, Doctor. You're all webby.
NYSSA: How dare you, Adric, after all the Doctor has done for you.
ADRIC: Oh, it's just a bit of fun, Nyssa. Do you realise how long it is since I had any fun?
DOCTOR: Adric, listen to me. You're hurt, I appreciate that.
ADRIC: Oh Lohkaar, take him away.
DOCTOR: (receding) Adric, wait, we need to talk!
NYSSA: Doctor!
ADRIC: There, that's better, isn't it? Just you and me now.
NYSSA: You've changed. You're not the Adric I knew.
ADRIC: No, Nyssa, I'm not.

KRANLEE: The buck and the queen are locked within the cell, Madam Teegarna. Did they hurt you?
TEEGARNA: No, Kranlee. The buck attacked me as I was replacing the boulder in front of the cell opening, but I don't believe he wanted to kill me.
KRANLEE: He didn't?
TEEGARNA: No. I think he panicked. The prospect of enclosure made him fearful.
KRANLEE: Well, the freaks are quite secure now.
TEEGARNA: They're not freaks.
KRANLEE: What are you saying, Madam Teegarna?
TEEGARNA: That they are reasonable, civilised beings. The way they communicate with one other.
KRANLEE: We've seen the lower species do the same thing in the wild. It doesn't mean they're saying anything important.
TEEGARNA: Lower species? Isn't our Excellency of the same kind?
KRANLEE: He is a different order of being altogether.
TEEGARNA: Seeing these strangers at such close quarters, I'm not so sure about that. Come, Kranlee.

ADRIC: What do you think of it, Nyssa? My City of Excellence?
NYSSA: It's very impressive, Adric. Are you sure this rope bridge will support both of us?
ADRIC: Oh, it's made of spider silk. We could be twenty times heavier, and still it wouldn't snap.
NYSSA: It must be very useful having a giant arachnid as a pet.
ADRIC: Oh, not pet, Nyssa. Servant. The creatures here do everything I ask. They built the city to my design.
NYSSA: Your design? How long have you been here? This must have taken years to construct.
ADRIC: Decades. Since I was left for dead.
NYSSA: Adric, you mustn't blame the Doctor.
ADRIC: Mustn't I?
NYSSA: He tried to explain to us, to Tegan and me. He told us that we couldn't go back. He said you can't just roll back Time for your own advantage.
ADRIC: Can't you?
NYSSA: Time doesn't work like that.
ADRIC: I was within a hair's breadth of escaping, Nyssa. I was on the last of the logic traps the Cybermen had set. All I needed was a few more moments, and then the ship would have been free of their control.
NYSSA: You were that close?
ADRIC: A single Cyberman was left. I could hear its ragged, oily breathing right behind me. I was almost there... when it blew the console to smithereens. So, that was that. There was nothing I could do.
NYSSA: We watched on the scanner as the ship burned up. It happened in seconds.
ADRIC: Watched me die from the safety of the Tardis. His Tardis.
NYSSA: He can't go back into his own time-line. It's forbidden.
ADRIC: I think he could, if he wanted to.
NYSSA: The Doctor did everything he could. I promise you.
ADRIC: Nyssa, I'm sure you think that's right. But then, he hasn't betrayed you, has he? Yet.

RUPERT: Doctor.
BEATRICE: Doctor, are you all right? Where's Nyssa?
DOCTOR: Er, just a little bruised, thank you Mrs Mapp, and Nyssa's with Adric. Still.
RUPERT: Is she safe?
DOCTOR: I think so. I hope so.
BEATRICE: Who is this Adric?
DOCTOR: Adric. Well, Adric was a stowaway aboard my ship.
RUPERT: Your Tardis, yes?
DOCTOR: Yes. I took him under my wing. He was an orphan. He didn't have anyone else. We were a team, the four of us. He and I, Nyssa and Tegan. He was headstrong and argumentative like any teenager, but he was clever, and he was loyal too.

BEATRICE: What happened to him? Why did he leave?

DOCTOR: He didn't leave. He died. At least we thought he did.

RUPERT: I don't understand the half of this.

BEATRICE: You say he died?

DOCTOR: I saw it, Beatrice. And no, I don't understand it either, Mister Von Thal. But if it really is him, then he's a glitch in Time. An abomination.

BEATRICE: What a terrible word for someone.

DOCTOR: I know.

RUPERT: Well, we'll die here unless we do something about it. Now, come on, Doctor. Stop your prating and help me shift this boulder. You too, Bea. Heave.

ADRIC: Once I was alone, Nyssa. Now I have millions at my command.

NYSSA: Millions?

ADRIC: See down there. Do you know what the scorpions are doing in those counting houses?

NYSSA: Counting? Of course. Counting. The scorpions are like... like beads on a vast abacus.

ADRIC: The Doctor showed me exactly how vital numbers were, and how important my badge for mathematical excellence was.

NYSSA: Logopolis. It's like Logopolis.

ADRIC: (laughs) Mathematics is God here, Nyssa, and the hymn of creation is a never ending series of zeroes and ones. Listen to these simple creatures chanting their numbers. The endless, reassuring music of the calculations. The numbers that hold this reality together.

NYSSA: I want to go back to the others now.

ADRIC: Were you pleased when I was dead? Secretly? You can tell me. I was a brat, wasn't I? Were you happy when I was gone?

NYSSA: What? We were devastated, when... Ow! My arm! You're hurting me!

ADRIC: I've been so lonely, Nyssa. The scorpions worship me. They bring me everything. Food, comfort. They perform all kinds of services. But I've craved attention from others of my own kind. You can understand that, can't you, Nyssa?

NYSSA: Let go of me, Adric, please.

ADRIC: You never even kissed me goodbye.

RUPERT: One more heave, that's all. There! There, what did I tell you?

DOCTOR: That can't be right.

BEATRICE: It's moving from the outside.

RUPERT: What?

DOCTOR: Stand back, Rupert, Beatrice. I think it's one of the senior ones.

RUPERT: What, you mean you can tell these things apart?

TEEGARNA: Please, don't be alarmed. I have come to talk with you. My people are scared things will change because of your coming here, and we don't want them to.

BEATRICE: She seems so perplexed. Concerned, almost.

RUPERT: She?

BEATRICE: I feel most definitely that this is the female of the species.

DOCTOR: I know you can hear me. I'm the Doctor. Everything's going to be all right, I promise you. You see? She's listening.

RUPERT: Doctor, the door is still open behind the creature.

DOCTOR: Not now, Rupert. Carry on.

TEEGARNA: Do not take him away, our Excellency. He is our curse, but without...

RUPERT: I've had enough of this. Come on, Beatrice.

TEEGARNA: No, wait. The web line is still active.

DOCTOR: Wait, Mister Von Thal. She's trying to tell us something. I do... I don't think it's safe to leave.

RUPERT: I don't take orders from an insect. This way. Oh! What the devil...?

DOCTOR: There was a line of web across the entrance, see? Now you've broken it!

BEATRICE: And caused all this alarm?

DOCTOR: She knew. You knew, didn't you? And you tried to warn us.

RUPERT: They'll be coming for us. Damn, if only I had my machete.

BEATRICE: Wait, I think she wants us to follow her, down that tunnel.

RUPERT: Beatrice, you can't seriously believe that this creature is trying to help us?

DOCTOR: Oh, but she is, aren't you? I say we follow her. Come on. Well, don't just stand there, man.

BEATRICE: Rupert, please.

RUPERT: Oh, well. One tunnel's as good as another, I suppose.

ADRIC: Really, Nyssa, I'm an old man. Don't make me chase after you.

NYSSA: Leave me alone.

ADRIC: I never meant any harm. I was only joking.

NYSSA: Joking?

ADRIC: I've been away from real people for so long, my social skills are, are a little rusty.

NYSSA: I want to see the Doctor. Where have you taken him?

ADRIC: Why do you care about him so much?

NYSSA: Because he always means well. He tries to do good.

ADRIC: Oh, you're telling that to the wrong man.

NYSSA: But you survived. Despite everything, you survived.

ADRIC: Well, no thanks to him. I saved myself.

NYSSA: I still don't understand how, Adric. How?

ADRIC: The scorpions and I, we have an affinity with numbers. We've messed around with Time in ways you would never believe. And we've made such a mess of it, Nyssa. A glorious chaotic mess, an empire of errors. A sticky cobweb in Time, with me at the centre.

NYSSA: But to what purpose? What's it all for? You build an empire at the far end of history, and for what? Survival? Power? Vanity?

ADRIC: I... I always thought that you and I had much in common. We were both orphans, so young, and so dependent on the Doctor. You loved me then.

NYSSA: The old Adric, yes. The awkward, frustrating pig-headed boy.

ADRIC: I'm so lonely, Nyssa. My creatures here can give me almost everything, and they... they try their best. But they don't really love me. They worship me, but...

NYSSA: Ow!

ADRIC: That's not enough.

NYSSA: Stop touching me.

ADRIC: Can't you see past this ruined body of mine?

NYSSA: Adric, I care for you a great deal...

ADRIC: That's not enough! I need you to love me, Nyssa. Why else do you think I brought you here?

NYSSA: Brought me here?

ADRIC: Well, that's, that's why I created this world. To survive, yes, but also to lure you here. Don't you see? It is all meant, it is part of the calculations. We will be together at last, and you shall be my Empress. My bride!

NYSSA: Your... what?

DOCTOR: This way. Hurry.

RUPERT: Do you have any idea where we're going, Beatrice?

BEATRICE: I've no sense of direction at all.

DOCTOR: She's stopped.

RUPERT: Why? Changed her mind, has she?

DOCTOR: No, I think this is as far as she goes. Looks like we're on our own from now on.

BEATRICE: She's afraid, Doctor. Afraid of going underground? Perhaps scorpions are afraid of the dark?

RUPERT: What nonsense. They love the dark. Why, one crept into Professor Quandry's tent once, and made its nest in his knapsack.

TEEGARNA: The tunnel goes far underground, before it emerges again in the fern forest. But it is most dangerous. I will not force you to enter it. You must decide for yourselves.

DOCTOR: Well, if this creature doesn't care for going underground then perhaps her brethren will be similarly disenchanted with the idea.

RUPERT: Meaning we'll be safer off down there than up here?

DOCTOR: Precisely.

RUPERT: Lead the way. Beatrice, take my hand. Beatrice?

BEATRICE: Leave me, Rupert. This horrible place. I know I shall die here.

RUPERT: I'm sorry?

BEATRICE: Tell Brenda I never made it back. She can have the silver. She was so fond of polishing it.

RUPERT: You can't give up now, woman. I won't let you. Tell her, Doctor.

DOCTOR: We really need to get moving, Mrs Mapp. Once I know you're both safe I'll come back for Nyssa and then we'll see about returning you to your correct time.

BEATRICE: It is always like this, Doctor, for the people who spend any time with you?

RUPERT: Scorpions, headed this way. Beatrice, we have to go.

DOCTOR: Mrs Mapp - Bea - it's my fault you and Rupert are here, and I'll do anything I can to make you safe - Nyssa too - but I can't do that if you won't help me.

BEATRICE: You didn't answer my question, Doctor.

DOCTOR: All right, it's true. Sometimes terrible things happen to the people who spend time with me, but not today. Come on.

ADRIC: There's one last thing I want to show you, Nyssa, here at the peak of my Tower of Excellence.

NYSSA: Take me back down, Adric. Take me to the Doctor, please.

ADRIC: Oh, I rushed things, I know, I'm sorry. But you wanted to know how I survived, hmm? How I made all this?

NYSSA: Tell me, then.

ADRIC: Look up, mm? On the very peak of the Tower of Excellence. This is Star. It's how I knew you were here in my world. Through Star, I was able to reach into your mind.

NYSSA: It looks metallic. What is it, a meteorite?

ADRIC: Oh, it's much more than that. Star makes my ideas and my will manifest, and that is why my people worship me.

NYSSA: This is how you communicate with the scorpions?

ADRIC: Ah. You'll need to see these secret things if you are to marry me and stay with me forever.

NYSSA: I won't do that, Adric. You must know that.

ADRIC: But that's why you're here. That's the reason.

NYSSA: I was fond of you, nothing more.

ADRIC: Oh, you still think of me as just some boy. It's the Doctor again, isn't it? Well, he isn't having things his way this time. He won't have you.

NYSSA: He doesn't want me.

ADRIC: I mean it, Nyssa. You won't leave here, either of you. I won't let you. Star won't let you.

NYSSA: You're scaring me, Adric. What's that?

ADRIC: Ah. An alarm. These scorpions of mine are liable to fly into a panic at the slightest thing.

NYSSA: Hadn't you better attend to it? It might be important.

ADRIC: I suppose. This way. You know, I'm sick of scorpions, Nyssa. They're such cold and nervous companions.

DOCTOR: What is it? Which way now?

RUPERT: If you ask me, we've been going round in circles.

BEATRICE: Hush, Rupert. I think she's listening.

RUPERT: What was that?

DOCTOR: I wonder what else is down here?

BEATRICE: Oh, I don't like this one bit.

RUPERT: I'm here, Beatrice.

TEEGARNA: These are the catacombs. I do hate coming here. Some of our ancestors still sleep down here. Those who take no part in the calculations. They eke out a vile half-life.

BEATRICE: Doctor? What are you doing?

DOCTOR: Feel the walls. They're smooth, some kind of actual polymer? Amber? No, no, man-made.

RUPERT: Man-made?

DOCTOR: It would appear so. Almost feels like metal.

BEATRICE: These tunnels are metal?

DOCTOR: Well, they were encrusted with dirt and rock and webbing, but they're metal all right. High-density, heat-shielded. It can't be.

RUPERT: Let's just concentrate on getting out of here, shall we?

BEATRICE: But Miss Nyssa, she's still up there, with him.

DOCTOR: I know.

BEATRICE: And we're down here.

DOCTOR: In the belly of the beast. In the hull of a vast and ruined, crashed and burned, spaceship. The freighter.

ADRIC: Shut off the alarms, Lohkaar. I'm here. Don't fuss. Nyssa and I can hardly hear ourselves think, can we? That's better. Now, what's all this about?

LOHKAAR: Excellency, they have Madam Teegarna. They have escaped with her into the catacombs.

ADRIC: Oh, it's the logical way out. Good thinking, Doctor. Shame it's hopelessly misguided.

NYSSA: What is it? What's happened?

ADRIC: It's the Doctor. It appears he's escaped into the catacombs with his funny new friends. Not a very clever move, if you ask me.

NYSSA: Why not? What's down there?

ADRIC: Wake them up, Lohkaar. Jangle their desiccated nerves.

NYSSA: Wake who? What have you done?

ADRIC: Oh, the Doctor was right. It is revenge I'm after. And the Grandparents will see that I have it in spades.

RUPERT: Is it just me, Beatrice, or does that sound hungry?

BEATRICE: It's not just you, Rupert.

TEEGARNA: The Grandparents are stirring in their nests.

DOCTOR: What are they? They sound more primitive.
TEEGARNA: They have none of the qualms of we city dwellers. If they capture us, they will surely devour us. Our beloved Grandparents hunger constantly.
RUPERT: Doctor, what... what should we do?
DOCTOR: Back, I think, Rupert, the way we came.
(Growls.)
BEATRICE: Heavens.
DOCTOR: Perhaps not. I've got matches here. Everlasting matches.
BEATRICE: Oh, that's better.
RUPERT: Oh, that's a matter of opinion.
BEATRICE: Whatever do you mean?
DOCTOR: He means don't look down, Mrs Mapp.
BEATRICE: Down where? What? Oh. Oh! A charnel house.
DOCTOR: Interesting.
RUPERT: What's interesting about a heap of bones?
DOCTOR: I'm sure I've seen these before. But where?
BEATRICE: Montague House, Doctor. Professor Owen's collection.
DOCTOR: Exactly right. Proto-reptilians.
RUPERT: Proto what?
DOCTOR: Mister Von Thal, I think I know why the dinosaurs never evolved in this particular version of reality. Their ancestors were eaten.
RUPERT: Eaten by whom?
DOCTOR: Eaten by them!
BEATRICE: This one will defend us, though.
TEEGARNA: Honoured Grandparents, it is I, High Priestess Teegarna, your loyal descendent. See, I bring you tributes.
GRANDFATHER: Devour them.
GRANDMOTHER: Devour them at once.
GRANDFATHER: Devour them.
GRANDMOTHER: Devour them.

[Part Three]

GRANDFATHER: Devour them.
RUPERT: They're all around us.
DOCTOR: Forebears of the scorpions. Fascinating.
BEATRICE: Fascinating?
DOCTOR: From an evolutionary standpoint. Now don't anyone move until I say so.
TEEGARNA: Fresh meat, my Grandparents. Mammalian meat.
GRANDFATHER: Warm bloods. Delicious.
GRANDMOTHER: There has been nothing so thrilling since we feasted on the last of the reptilians. Perhaps if these prove satisfying enough, we shall not need to eat you, Teegarna.
GRANDFATHER: She has trespassed into forbidden territory. Her life is forfeit.
GRANDMOTHER: Yet the bringer of such rare morsels should be rewarded.
TEEGARNA: You honour me. Which will you feast on first? The Queen, or one of the two bucks?
DOCTOR: I wish I knew what they were saying.
RUPERT: That old buffer Adric can not merely understand them, he can speak their language too.
DOCTOR: Yes. Something must be translating for him. Perhaps he's got a telepathic frequency enhancer.
BEATRICE: A tele-what?
DOCTOR: A sort of psychic magnifying glass, one that we might be able to tap into. Now, take my hands, and open your minds. If we can find the right wavelength, we can tune in.
RUPERT: Oh, not this again.
DOCTOR: Close your eyes. Concentrate. Feel the flow of the words.
RUPERT: It still sounds like clicks and gibbers to me.
BEATRICE: Wait. I... I think I can hear something. A tinkling?
DOCTOR: That's it. About ninety nine point six psychohertz, I think. Yes. It's becoming clear now.
TEEGARNA: Spare me, my Grandparents. I know I have trespassed into your lair, but I offer you these mammalian sweetmeats in exchange for free passage back to the city.
DOCTOR: Might I butt in for a moment?
GRANDMOTHER: The meat is talking.
BEATRICE: Meat? Who are you calling meat?
TEEGARNA: Impossible. How is it you can all speak our language?
DOCTOR: We're quick learners. I'm the Doctor, by the way, and you are...?

TEEGARNA: My name is Madam Teegarna.

DOCTOR: Good. Now, about what you were saying. Did you say Teegarna?

TEEGARNA: It was the name given me by His Excellency. In his language it means, mouth on...

DOCTOR: On legs, yes. Typical Adric.

RUPERT: Now see here, Madam Teegarna, or whoever you are, am I to take it that you intend to feed us to these Grandparents of yours?

TEEGARNA: It would have been better had you not come to our city at all. At least this way, there will be no more disturbances.

DOCTOR: What faultless logic. Let them eat us and then we'll stop being a threat.

TEEGARNA: No one asked you to come here. You are a danger to my kind. For good or ill, we must protect our Excellency.

GRANDMOTHER: Enough! All this talking will turn the flesh sour.

GRANDFATHER: We hunger. We must eat.

GRANDMOTHER: Cocoon them.

DOCTOR: Cover your eyes, both of you.

LOHKAAR: Excellency, Excellency, I bring terrible news.

ADRIC: Oh, yes, yes, Lohkaar, we already know the Doctor and his companions have escaped.

LOHKAAR: No, not that. There is corruption in the calculations.

ADRIC: What?

NYSSA: Adric? What is it, what's wrong?

ADRIC: Something's affected the calculations. Oh, this has the Doctor's grubby fingerprints all over it. This way, Lohkaar.

NYSSA: Oh Doctor, I hope you know what you're doing. Adric, wait for me. Perhaps I could help!

ADRIC: This doesn't add up. Doctor, what have you done?

NYSSA: Adric, if this is the Doctor's doing, that's all the more reason to find him and make your peace with him.

ADRIC: Oh, be quiet, both of you. I need to concentrate.

NYSSA: Adric, what are you doing?

ADRIC: Yes. There are other voices in Star. New voices filtering through to the counting-houses.

NYSSA: The Doctor?

ADRIC: No, no. Ugly, ancient voices. Yes, Lohkaar. The Grandparents. Teegarna? Are you sure? Oh, she'll pay for this.

NYSSA: What's it saying?

ADRIC: Oh, tune in, Nyssa, I haven't time to translate. You were always tele-sensitive, weren't you? Ninety nine point six psychohertz or thereabouts. Go on, Lohkaar.

LOHKAAR: But now their traffic has poisoned the calculations, there will be chaos.

NYSSA: Chaos? I heard that.

ADRIC: You'd better find her, Lohkaar.

NYSSA: And the Doctor.

ADRIC: I don't need the Doctor.

NYSSA: I'm not so sure of that.

LOHKAAR: I could despatch Kranlee to the catacombs.

ADRIC: Oh, we must act quickly. The Grandparents' minds are outside our harmonious web. If their thoughts poison the calculations, the whole city might collapse.

LOHKAAR: Perhaps Madam Teegarna could speak with the Grandparents, spare us the disaster.

ADRIC: It's too late for that. Send Kranlee. Destroy her before she causes any more damage.

LOHKAAR: Excellency?

ADRIC: Destroy her! I want Teegarna killed! Is that so difficult to understand?

LOHKAAR: Yes, Most Excellent.

NYSSA: Adric, you can't have someone put to death just like that. For what? Disobeying your orders?

ADRIC: It's my world. I can do what I like.

NYSSA: But... you ca...

ADRIC: Soon to be our world, Nyssa. Don't forget that.

RUPERT: I... I can't move. This silk is as strong as steel.

BEATRICE: I knew I'd die here in this miserable place.

DOCTOR: Brave heart, Beatrice. I mean, don't give up hope yet.

TEEGARNA: I'm sorry, Doctor. You should never have come to this world. I will leave you now to your fate.

GRANDFATHER: Oh no you don't. What do you say, Grandmother? A crisp appetiser before their main course?

GRANDMOTHER: Something for the palate, yes.

TEEGARNA: No! No! Please, you promised!
BEATRICE: Don't look, Rupert. Don't look.
RUPERT: Trust me, I'm not looking.
KRANLEE: Squad, halt!
GRANDMOTHER: What is this?
KRANLEE: Sting him. Sting the old one.
GRANDMOTHER: Back, Grandfather, back. Retreat into the dark.
GRANDFATHER: But the mammals.
GRANDMOTHER: Leave them. There will be another day.
BEATRICE: They're going.
RUPERT: We're saved.
DOCTOR: Let's hope so.
KRANLEE: Madam Teegarna, where are you? Madam...?
DOCTOR: I'm afraid the Grandparents did their worst.
RUPERT: They're beastly things. I'm... sorry for your loss, old fellow.
KRANLEE: It is just as well. I had orders to slaughter her myself, from His Excellency.
DOCTOR: Did you now?
KRANLEE: You will come with me to the Tower of Excellence where His Excellency awaits. Cut them out of the cocoons and bring them.

GRANDMOTHER: The stings will heal, Grandfather. The city scorpions' venom is weak and watery.
GRANDFATHER: It's not that. I did so want to eat the mammals.
GRANDMOTHER: And you shall, Grandfather. Do not forget that we have devoured Teegarna's brain. Her sentience is in us now. Concentrate. Link pincers, like the mammals did.
GRANDFATHER: What do you see?
GRANDMOTHER: We are one with the city. We shall enter it. Enter the minds of the young ones, the weak, suggestible ones, make them do our bidding.
GRANDFATHER: Make them bring us the mammals.
GRANDMOTHER: And then we will feed.

ADRIC: Come on, what's the matter with you all? Calculate. I command you, calculate.
NYSSA: I don't think they're listening, Adric.
ADRIC: Come on! You - 0100, and you, 1101... How dare you flick your sting at me.
NYSSA: Adric, I really think we should head back to the Tower.
ADRIC: No. My will is law, and they shall obey my will.
ADRIC: What?
FEMALE SCORPION: Feed.
ADRIC: What?
MALE SCORPION: Mammals.
ADRIC: I don't understand.
FEMALE SCORPION: Bring us the mammals.
MALE SCORPION: Feed on mammals.
NYSSA: Adric, I think they mean us.

KRANLEE: Hurry along. Hurry.
DOCTOR: I take it, Kranlee, that His Excellency doesn't like to be kept waiting?
RUPERT: Tardiness probably results in having your head mounted on a stick.
BEATRICE: The more I hear about this Adric, the less I care for the man.
KRANLEE: Halt!
DOCTOR: Oh!
BEATRICE: Wait a minute!
KRANLEE: You will compose yourselves before entering into the presence of His Excellency.
DOCTOR: Let's dispense with formalities, shall we? Adric? Adric, I want a word with you.
KRANLEE: Excellency, I have brought the... Excellency?
RUPERT: The old fellow isn't here.
BEATRICE: What's that racket coming from outside?
ADRIC: Kranlee, defend me!
DOCTOR: Nyssa, you're all right.
NYSSA: Doctor, the drones, they're going wild. Something's affecting them.
ADRIC: Lohkaar, close the doors before they get in!
RUPERT: You'll need to barricade that.
ADRIC: Then do it, Earthman. Kranlee, help him!
DOCTOR: Spot of number trouble, Adric?

ADRIC: Oh, this is your doing, Doctor. You gave the Grandparents access to Star, didn't you?
DOCTOR: I did, but by accident. I didn't mean for this to happen.
ADRIC: What, like you didn't mean for me to die? That was an accident too, I take it?
NYSSA: Adric, it's not his fault.
KRANLEE + LOHKAAR + ADRIC: Yes it is!
BEATRICE: The door's holding, but I'm not sure for how much longer.
RUPERT: They do seem most insistent.
LOHKAAR: Excellency, what are we to do?
ADRIC: I must maintain the calculations. I have been distracted, by all of you. Especially you, Nyssa. You have caused this.
NYSSA: What? How can I have caused...?
ADRIC: Kranlee, Lohkaar, take them away. But leave the Doctor.
BEATRICE: But what if these two turn wild like the others?
LOHKAAR: We are of the hierarchy. Our will is stronger than that of the drones.
RUPERT: Ah, the mutiny's only in the ranks.
KRANLEE: Come with us, now.
NYSSA: Doctor?
DOCTOR: Nyssa, look after Rupert and Bea.
NYSSA: I'll try, Doctor.
BEATRICE: All right.
RUPERT: Steady.
BEATRICE: Don't manhandle me like that.
DOCTOR: Adric, the drones will break through any minute.
ADRIC: My people are reverting to what they were without me. I must reassert my will, restore harmony.
DOCTOR: Harmony, yes. Dictatorship, no.
ADRIC: I'm sorry?
DOCTOR: You ordered the death of Madam Teegarna.
ADRIC: Madam Teegarna was a law unto herself.
DOCTOR: Unlike you, of course.
ADRIC: She was only a scorpion. So what? What does one more scorpion matter?
DOCTOR: One more scorpion who could have helped you, Adric.
ADRIC: Oh, I've got a far more powerful ally in the - ah!
(Door broken down.)
ADRIC: My pet! Arise, arise from your pit. Defend me!
DOCTOR: Your spider can't defeat all of them.
ADRIC: She won't have to. I just need her to hold them off long enough to climb to the top of the Tower. Come on.
DOCTOR: What's at the top of the Tower, Adric?
ADRIC: That's where the mind of Star resides. Star will be able to help me.

BEATRICE: Jail again.
KRANLEE: Soldiers of the hierarchy defend the inner Tower. You'll be safe here. You, buck, must defend His Excellency's bride.
(Boulder closes.)
RUPERT: Buck? Was the creature addressing me? And who, pray, is His Excellency's bride?
NYSSA: That would be me.
RUPERT: Great Scott! You're not really going to marry that old beggar, are you?
BEATRICE: I expect Miss Nyssa is buying more time, bargaining with the one remaining thing she can.
RUPERT: You mean... her honour? Bally hell, that's a rum situation.
BEATRICE: And not one we're going to countenance. Now, Rupert, we'll need all your experience and wisdom to concoct an escape plan.
NYSSA: Of course. Rupert Von Thal, the great explorer.
RUPERT: Er, no, no...
BEATRICE: Precisely, my dear. Now, Rupert. You should know what to do in these kinds of affairs. Advise.
RUPERT: No, no, really. I wouldn't presume to lecture two such capable examples of the fairer sex.
BEATRICE: Rupert, excessive modesty is never an attractive quality.
NYSSA: Please, Mister Von Thal, we have to rescue the Doctor. We need your expertise.
RUPERT: Yes, but that's just it. I don't have any expertise.
BEATRICE: You don't?
RUPERT: Exotic explorations, thrilling escapades, cavalier derring-do? None of it's true. The fact is I've never had any adventures. Not one, damn it. I... I'm a fraud.
NYSSA: I don't understand.
RUPERT: I've never been taken up the Limpopo. I've never braved the inhospitable bush. A day trip to

Folkestone was my limit, and even then I came over a bit gippy.

BEATRICE: Oh, Rupert.

RUPERT: I'm Professor Quandry's bally secretary, Bea. I'm not an explorer of anything.

NYSSA: I see. Well, we won't tell if you don't.

RUPERT: Look, I... I'd like to be able to rescue the two of you. That, that's my job at this point, isn't it, but... I, I'm no hero.

BEATRICE: Come now, Mister Von Thal. Just think of what we've faced since we've been here. A killer mantis, all the giant scorpions, for goodness sake, all the horrors and death and disaster.

RUPERT: Well, look, you're very kind.

BEATRICE: So just you buck your ideas up. You're a hero to me.

RUPERT: I am?

BEATRICE: Yes. Yes. I rather think you are.

ADRIC: Oh, do hurry up, Doctor. Anyone would think *you* were the old man here.

DOCTOR: You're forgetting that I am the older man here, Adric. Hundreds of years older.

ADRIC: Older, but not wiser. Come on, the web-lines are perfectly safe.

DOCTOR: Where are we climbing up to?

ADRIC: All the way to the top of the Tower. To my Star. Oh. Oh, of course. Heights. You're not good with heights, are you?

DOCTOR: I'll be fine.

ADRIC: Oh, mind you don't fall off, like last time. Ah!

DOCTOR: It's all right, it's all right. I've got you, I've got you.

DOCTOR: What's the matter?

ADRIC: I can feel it. She's dead, Doctor.

DOCTOR: Who is? Who's dead?

ADRIC: Oh, my poor pretty one.

DOCTOR: Your spider.

ADRIC: They ripped her to pieces. I felt it.

DOCTOR: We ought to keep climbing. They won't be far behind us.

ADRIC: Oh. I don't care how they feel about me. They shouldn't have hurt my precious. Her kind built this city for all of us. Oh. Oh, but they'll learn their lesson. I'll make them. How dare they attack me.

DOCTOR: Oh, grow up.

ADRIC: What?

DOCTOR: It's such an adolescent thing to think the world should jump to your every command.

ADRIC: Even after everything, you still patronise me.

DOCTOR: You might be an old man, but you're still a boy inside. Now, come on! It's a long way up, and you're not getting any younger.

ADRIC: Careful, Doctor. My will is everything here.

DOCTOR: Really.

ADRIC: Yes, really. All I need to do is concentrate on how I want the world to be, and it will be so.

DOCTOR: And just how is that possible, hmm?

ADRIC: Ah, with Star.

DOCTOR: This Star you keep mentioning. If the calculations maintain the reality, then what exactly does this Star of yours actually do?

ADRIC: (laughs) You'll see. Climb, climb.

KRANLEE: Lohkaar, can you hear them? The drones are consumed by bloodlust, devouring anything that stands between them and the mammals.

LOHKAAR: It is the revenge of their primitive appetites on our city and our way of life. Perhaps... perhaps Madam Teegarna was right.

KRANLEE: We must take action, Lohkaar, to save ourselves.

LOHKAAR: His Excellency will save us.

KRANLEE: And if he doesn't?

LOHKAAR: Kranlee!

KRANLEE: His mind is filled with thoughts of these mammals. He won't save us. He'll decide that he belongs with them.

LOHKAAR: You do not know him as I do.

KRANLEE: He says he means to take the younger female for his mate. He will breed with her, create more of their kind, and then? What will he need us for?

LOHKAAR: I ... There may be wisdom in what you say.

KRANLEE: We must make him listen, Lohkaar. Make sure he does not desert us.

LOHKAAR: But how, Kranlee, how?

KRANLEE: This mate of his, the one they call Miss Nyssa. We have her, Lohkaar. Something he wants more

than anything, and we have her.
LOHKAAR: Yes. Miss Nyssa. Yes.

DOCTOR: So this, I take it, is Star.

ADRIC: A pebble flung down from the heavens, just like I was.

DOCTOR: Very Miltonic. What is it really?

ADRIC: I told you. It came from space, like I did. Together we control the insects. We made the spiders build us a city. We made the scorpions serve us and recite the calculations.

DOCTOR: So it fell from the skies with you, did it?

ADRIC: Er...

DOCTOR: Well, the freighter is the catacombs, I saw that, acting as the foundation of this city of yours. So I assume this star comes from there too. What is it? Cyber-technology? Incidentally, what became of the Cybermen?

ADRIC: Oh, the scorpions made short work of the sleeping tin soldiers. Prised them apart and feasted on the scraps of flesh packed inside their silver skins.

DOCTOR: Ah, got it. The alien computer the Cybermen left in control of the freighter. That's what this Star of yours is, or was before you modified it.

ADRIC: Oh, the Cybermen never knew what they had. An untutored artificial intelligence. But we've learned from each other, Star and I.

DOCTOR: All very interesting. But how exactly do we switch it off?

NYSSA: I've got it.

BEATRICE: Got what, Nyssa dear?

NYSSA: The answer. I know how to get us out of here.

RUPERT: Some sort of jemmy to lever the rock aside? No, forget it, I've thought of that already and I'm afraid it'll never work...

NYSSA: No, no, I mean out of this time period. Back to your Victorian era.

BEATRICE: You mean home?

RUPERT: Home?

BEATRICE: I never thought I'd see Bloomsbury again.

RUPERT: Nor I my club. Oh, I'm so happy. I could kiss you, Beatrice. In fact, I will. Mwah!

BEATRICE: Good gracious, Rupert.

NYSSA: Don't get carried away, you two. It could all go horribly wrong.

RUPERT: Well, before it does, I have a little announcement of my own. Beatrice Mapp, you're the finest woman it's ever been my privilege to know. Will you consent to marry me when we get back home?

BEATRICE: I beg your pardon?

RUPERT: Promise me you'll consider it?

BEATRICE: It's hardly seemly or conventional, but... I accept. (cries)

NYSSA: Good grief.

RUPERT: Well, then. That's all agreed.

BEATRICE: So, what is it, Nyssa dear, this idea of yours?

NYSSA: This Star thing of Adric's, he said it was part of...

(Boulder moves.)

RUPERT: Kranlee, old fellow. Is that it? Is the insurrection quelled?

KRANLEE: On your hindmost parts, mammals. You're coming with me.

BEATRICE: Kranlee, is everything well?

KRANLEE: You, the youngest.

NYSSA: Ow! Kranlee, you're pinching me. Ow!

RUPERT: Unhand her at once, you brute.

KRANLEE: She is the one His Excellency wants for his mate. It has been decided to test his desire.

BEATRICE: Test his desire?

KRANLEE: Be quiet, female. You and the buck will follow me.

NYSSA: Just, just do as he says.

BEATRICE: Oh, we shall. If only to teach Mr Kranlee here some good manners. Come along, Rupert.

RUPERT: With you every step of the way, dearest.

ADRIC: You still don't get it, do you, Doctor? Star can't be switched off. Star has to be flattered, praised, treated with respect. Only then will she allow me access to her inner workings.

DOCTOR: And then, Adric? I don't think you've grasped the magnitude of what you're doing here.

ADRIC: You're ashamed of me, aren't you? My very being embarrasses you. I'm the one you failed to save. Your guilty secret.

DOCTOR: Adric, the scorpions are running wild down there. Nyssa is in danger, Rupert and Beatrice too, not to mention your hierarchy of helpers.

ADRIC: Don't worry, Doctor. I don't fail *my* friends. Star focuses and amplifies my thoughts. My will is made manifest through Star's mysterious working.

DOCTOR: It's fascinating. A sort of crystal brain. May I?

ADRIC: Put your hands on Star, hmm? Concentrate. Feel my power. There they are, do you see? Climbing the web-lines.

DOCTOR: I can't quite focus. Ah, yes!

BEATRICE: Don't look down, Rupert.

RUPERT: I wasn't about to, Bea, my dear.

LOHKAAR: Why did you come here? He doesn't need a mate. You mammals have ruined everything.

NYSSA: We never meant to, Lohkaar. We don't know what guided us to this place. Perhaps Adric got - ah!

LOHKAAR: Kranlee, the female!

RUPERT: Oh, Miss Nyssa!

KRANLEE: I have her.

NYSSA: Oh! Oh, thank you. Thank you, Kranlee.

KRANLEE: Reach around under my pincers. That's it.

BEATRICE: Oh, thank goodness for that.

LOHKAAR: Take care of her, Kranlee. She's all we have to bargain with.

DOCTOR: Wait, I was listening to that.

ADRIC: We don't have much time, Doctor. Star is intelligent, but she is still just a computer. All she needs is a quick reboot. Star, reboot.

DOCTOR: Adric, wait. If Star reboots while our minds are inside, won't we...

(Powers down to silence then up again.)

DOCTOR: ... switched off too?

ADRIC: Oh, it's done. My control over the drones has been restored.

DOCTOR: Are you sure?

ADRIC: Mmm? Eh? I don't... I don't understand. Why aren't they obeying me?

DOCTOR: The genie's out of the bottle now. The Grandparents' poisonous thoughts have restored the scorpions' natural instincts, to kill, to destroy.

ADRIC: Star, help us. Oh. Oh. Where are we? It's freezing.

DOCTOR: Space. I think your Star wants to show us something.

ADRIC: What sort of thing?

DOCTOR: I've no idea. That's the Earth down there, unless I'm very much mistaken. Prehistoric Earth, judging by the shape of the seas. Look out!

ADRIC: That's the freighter.

DOCTOR: Yes. On a collision course for the continent of Pangaea, in the distant past of the planet. Star is showing us what really happened all those aeons ago.

ADRIC: Star, what's the point of this?

DOCTOR: The bridge of the freighter. And over there, that's...

ADRIC: Me. Clutching my Outler's belt. Don't I look young?

DOCTOR: I'm so sorry, Adric.

ADRIC: Star, why are you showing us this?

DOCTOR [OC]: 0001. 1001. 0...

DOCTOR: You're inputting the calculations into the Cybermen's computer.

ADRIC: Who's a clever boy, eh?

DOCTOR: Not even you could have translocated an entire freighter by Block Transfer Computation.

ADRIC: Who says?

DOCTOR: Adric, you were, are, a brilliant boy, but calculations that complex and alien, you must have had... (Tardis materialises.)

ADRIC [OC]: 0001

DOCTOR: ... help.

DOCTOR [OC]: 1001. 0100.

DOCTOR: But that's me.

DOCTOR [OC]: 1101.

DOCTOR: A ghost of me from the séance.

ADRIC: But this is madness. Star, Star, he wasn't there. The computations were all mine. The Doctor wasn't there.

DOCTOR: Evidently I was.

ADRIC: No, you've changed this. You've done something to Star.

DOCTOR: I couldn't control this, Adric. I was there. You couldn't see me, but somehow I was there.

ADRIC: I... I remember now. I heard the numbers in my head, and later I thought... I thought it must have been Star talking.

DOCTOR: Time is slowing. The computations are warping reality. The freighter's course is changing. I intervened, Adric. I came back.

ADRIC: Then you saved me after all.

DOCTOR: It was during the séance. I was searching the ether for some sign of the Tardis, but - something went wrong, we all blacked out, and then...

ADRIC: Look. You're leaving. Fading away.

(The Tardis dematerialises.)

DOCTOR: It's my unconscious. My unconscious guilt making me take a detour, making me save you. That's why we ended up where we did.

ADRIC: It was you all along. You created my reality.

DOCTOR: I gave you your life with the scorpions. All those years. I gave you the numbers, the power.

ADRIC: You don't even know how many years.

DOCTOR: Seventy? Eighty?

ADRIC: Pah. The stinging of the scorpions sustained my natural life in ways I hardly understood. I am over five hundred years old.

DOCTOR: What?

ADRIC: You created this world, Doctor, without even knowing it.

DOCTOR: I was sleepwalking in Time.

ADRIC: Ah, still trying to put things right. Look at me now, Doctor. King of the Scorpions. Is this what you intended?

DOCTOR: Adric, I'm sorry.

ADRIC: I am an abomination, as you put it. But you made me.

DOCTOR: Yes, I know! It's all my fault.

[Part Four]

GRANDFATHER: I don't like it above ground, Grandmother. It's so bright.

GRANDMOTHER: Then shut your eyes and follow their spoor. Yes. Yes! The mammals have come this way. Hurry.

RUPERT: Not too far now, Bea.

BEATRICE: Oh, thank goodness. These skirts aren't made for climbing.

KRANLEE: Wait. listen.

NYSSA: What is it, Kranlee?

KRANLEE: We're being pursued.

GRANDFATHER: I see them, Grandmother. The mammals. I see them.

BEATRICE: Oh, not them again.

NYSSA: They're huge.

RUPERT: Meet the Grandparents, back for a second bite of the cherry. Skirts or no skirts, we must climb.

ADRIC: Well, Doctor, what do we do now?

DOCTOR: I'm fresh out of ideas. What do you suggest?

ADRIC: Er, Plan B. Get out of here, find the Tardis, and consign these chitinous cretins to history, you, me, and Nyssa, together again.

DOCTOR: Do you have a Plan C?

GRANDFATHER: Mammals, wait for us.

GRANDMOTHER: Delicious.

LOHKAAR: They are gaining on us, Kranlee.

KRANLEE: Then we must stop and face them. There are only two, Lohkaar. They're old. We can kill them.

LOHKAAR: Kill the Grandparents?

KRANLEE: Stop! I am Kranlee. I order you to return underground.

GRANDMOTHER: You again.

GRANDFATHER: Slither aside, youngling.

RUPERT: Nyssa, Bea, behind me. I'll defend you.

NYSSA: With what?

BEATRICE: She has a point.

RUPERT: Hmm. Ah. Wait there.

KRANLEE: I say again, return to the catacombs.

GRANDMOTHER: Sting him.

LOHKAAR: Kranlee!

NYSSA: Drag him back. Help me, Bea.
GRANDFATHER: Naughty boy.
GRANDMOTHER: We'll sizzle you. We'll frazzle you.
KRANLEE: I can't feel my legs.
RUPERT: Stand back, old fellow. Now it's my turn.
NYSSA: Mister Von Thal?
RUPERT: It's amazing what you can rustle up with a bit of spider silk and a few rocks.
GRANDMOTHER: You'll pay for that, mammal.
BEATRICE: Rupert, get back, please!
RUPERT: I'm sorry, Bea. It's do or die.
BEATRICE: Rupert, no!
GRANDFATHER: Fancy fighting us with such a little sting.
RUPERT: You don't scare me, you vile behemoth.
(Sling whirrs, crunch.)
GRANDMOTHER: Grandfather, my eye!
NYSSA: Lohkaar, stop him.
LOHKAAR: No. No, let us buy us time to climb to the top.
RUPERT: He's right. Climb, all of you, climb. I'm going to be busy for a while dealing with this little lot, but I'll follow after you when I can. Go on.
BEATRICE: We can't leave you, Rupert.
RUPERT: Yes you can. Nyssa, take care of my fiancée.
NYSSA: Bea, come on.
BEATRICE: Rupert, I... I...
RUPERT: I know. And I feel the same way about you.
GRANDMOTHER: Come here, you fat little mammal.
RUPERT: Fat? Who are you calling fat?

DOCTOR: There, that's better. It's very disorientating inside your Star.
ADRIC: Doctor, what did you mean, Plan C? Is there something wrong with the Tardis?
DOCTOR: No, no, there's nothing wrong with it as far as I know. We just, er, well, we've, er, we've lost it.
ADRIC: (gasps) What...? But you, you can't just lose a thing like that.
DOCTOR: It was stolen while Nyssa and I were in Rupert and Bea's time.
ADRIC: Stolen by whom?
DOCTOR: Just a boy. An orphan and a petty thief. I've been trying everything I can to get it back.
ADRIC: Hence the Block Transfer Computations.
DOCTOR: Rupert.
ADRIC: Doctor, wait.
DOCTOR: We have to do something. Come on.

GRANDFATHER: Don't play with your food, Grandmother.
GRANDMOTHER: It won't stop fidgeting.
GRANDFATHER: Deliver the killing blow now.
GRANDMOTHER: Now, little mammal, time to die.
RUPERT: Our Father, who art in Heaven...
(Grandmother screams, receding.)
GRANDFATHER: Grandmother!
RUPERT: What the blue blazes...? A cricket ball?

BEATRICE: What just happened?
NYSSA: One of the Grandparents got bowled out.
BEATRICE: Bowled out?
NYSSA: Good shot, Doctor.
DOCTOR: (distant) Wasn't bad, was it? I don't normally bowl beamers.
BEATRICE: Ah, done it. Lower away, Lohkaar.
NYSSA: Rupert, there's a knotted rope coming down. Grab hold of it.
RUPERT: (distant) I've got it.

RUPERT: I say, this is made from Bea's skirt.
BEATRICE: (distant) Lohkaar, Kranlee, pull!
RUPERT: What about your modesty?
GRANDFATHER: No, mammal, come back. Mammal! No!

DOCTOR: They've got him.

ADRIC: Oh, I, I'm glad.
DOCTOR: Adric, are you all right?
ADRIC: Well, it's this body of mine, it's failing. These past few hours have been too much for me.
DOCTOR: Just rest here. The others will be along presently.
ADRIC: Oh, yes. And then what?
DOCTOR: I don't know. We have to put our heads together.
ADRIC: Oh. I er, I could use Star to try to mend the calculations.
DOCTOR: You're not strong enough, Adric. It could kill you.
ADRIC: Oh.

NYSSA: There. That should staunch the bleeding.
RUPERT: I took one in the leg, Bea, like poor old Kranlee here.
BEATRICE: Here. Lean on me. I don't like the look of that wound.
RUPERT: I'll manage. Stop fussing and climb.
KRANLEE: I agree. We don't have time for this.
NYSSA: Wait. They're after Adric's Star, aren't they, Lohkaar?
LOHKAAR: If they destroy the Star, there will be no more calculations. We will revert to base savagery.
KRANLEE: Our true natures, perhaps.
RUPERT: At least there's one less of them now, thanks to the Doctor's impeccable bowling.
NYSSA: Yes, but the one who's left now is twice as angry.
LOHKAAR: Kranlee, help me cut the web lines. Grandfather must be prevented from reaching His Excellency.
KRANLEE: Miss Nyssa, take the others to the top. Now!
NYSSA: Rupert, can you manage?
RUPERT: You try and stop me.
BEATRICE: Nyssa, your idea - the one you had at the bottom of this ziggurat - what was it?
NYSSA: It was about getting home, really. Adric was boasting about how this Star amplifies his will.
RUPERT: He seems quite a boastful chap, if you ask me.
BEATRICE: No one did, my love. Go on, Nyssa.
NYSSA: Well, it took twelve of us to get here, but what if with Adric's Star multiplying our mental powers, it only took four of us to return?
RUPERT: A capital idea.
BEATRICE: Will it work?
NYSSA: I think it might. Come on, we're almost there.

ADRIC: My city, Doctor. All but dead now. And we'll die here too, won't we?
DOCTOR: Not if I can help it.
LOHKAAR: Excellency.
ADRIC: Lohkaar. Nyssa. You made it.
RUPERT: Give or take the odd limb.
NYSSA: Doctor.
DOCTOR: Well done, Nyssa. Well done, everyone.
RUPERT: Sounds like old Gramps has found another way up.
LOHKAAR: Excellency, what must we do?
ADRIC: Well, I... I've brought you to the last safe place in my city. Here we must make our final stand.
KRANLEE: And do what, Excellency? How do we save ourselves?
NYSSA: Shh. Listen. It's the calculations. They've stopped completely.
ADRIC: You're right. The web is dead. We have nothing connecting us now.
LOHKAAR: What must we do, Excellency?
BEATRICE: I don't know about you lot, but I'm going home. Back to good old London.
DOCTOR: And how do you propose we do that?
BEATRICE: Nyssa's had an idea.
RUPERT: And it's an absolute smasher.
DOCTOR: Nyssa?
NYSSA: We use Adric's Star, to multiply the computations. He does the sums, he takes us back.
RUPERT: The only downside is, we have to take the old beggar with us.
DOCTOR: Nyssa, that is brilliant. Well, Adric, can it be done?
ADRIC: Er - it can.
LOHKAAR: I don't understand. How does what this female is saying save the city?
ADRIC: Oh, it doesn't, I'm afraid. It saves us, not you.
LOHKAAR: Excellency?
ADRIC: I'm going, Lohkaar. I'm leaving this world behind.
KRANLEE: No, Excellency. We need you.

DOCTOR: Lohkaar, Kranlee. Adric should never have been here. It was an accident.
ADRIC: My leaving here will put everything right. Believe me, Lohkaar, it's the only way.
LOHKAAR: Without you, what is going to happen to us?
ADRIC: Honestly? I don't know.
LOHKAAR: But you must. You are the Excellency. You know everything.
ADRIC: Not this time.
KRANLEE: We will return to our primitive state. The savagery of the Grandparents will reclaim us.
DOCTOR: Perhaps.
ADRIC: But it's more likely that this city will cease to exist.
KRANLEE: I don't understand.
ADRIC: It's only here because I am.
DOCTOR: Adric, don't.
ADRIC: They deserve to hear the truth, Doctor. It's possible that when I go, this whole world will wink out of existence.
LOHKAAR: Then... we cannot let you go, Excellency.
DOCTOR: Let him go, Kranlee.
KRANLEE: He has betrayed us.
ADRIC: Doctor, Nyssa, place your hands on Star, quickly.
DOCTOR: Do as he says, Nyssa.
NYSSA: I'm not going without him.
DOCTOR: No one's going anywhere unless we can get this Star vibrating at the correct frequency, Nyssa, I need you. Concentrate!
NYSSA: Yes, Doctor.
LOHKAAR: So, Excellency, you would prevent us from ever existing?
ADRIC: I'm sorry, but I had to choose, and I chose to return to the Doctor.
KRANLEE: No, Adric. You chose to die.
(Whoosh of sling.)
RUPERT: Sorry, old chap, I know it was your gammy leg and all. Adric, go with them, quickly.
ADRIC: Oh, thank you.
NYSSA: Here, take my hand.
RUPERT: You too, Beatrice.
BEATRICE: I'm not leaving you.
DOCTOR: Rupert, Beatrice, we can't hold this much longer, it's beginning to fracture!
RUPERT: Forgive me, Beatrice.
BEATRICE: Forgive what?
RUPERT: For this. (kisses)
(A kiss, and another.)
BEATRICE: Rupert!
RUPERT: And this.
BEATRICE: Rupert!
(Breaking glass, rushing void.)
RUPERT: Goodbye, Mrs Von Thal.
LOHKAAR: You allowed him to escape.
KRANLEE: You have brought about our destruction, and your own.
RUPERT: Uh. Not one of my better ideas, was it? Ah well.
LOHKAAR: Kill him.
(Rupert screams.)

DOCTOR: Beatrice, I can't tell you how sorry I am.
BEATRICE: Oh, tush, Doctor. Rupert always wanted to be a hero. Never quite managed it before. Now he has.
ADRIC: We must move on to the next sequence. Er, repeat after me. Er, Doctor. 0001.
DOCTOR: 0001.
ADRIC: Nyssa, 0110. Mrs Mapp, 110.
BEATRICE: 1110.

KRANLEE: His Star, Lohkaar. It has gone, faded away.
LOHKAAR: We have lost him, Kranlee. He has gone from our world, forever.
KRANLEE: Grandfather is coming for us.
LOHKAAR: I think it hardly matters now. By the time our ancestor catches up with us, we will have ceased to exist.
KRANLEE: I don't understand.
LOHKAAR: The calculations are finished, Kranlee. Our world is over. We don't count any more.

BEATRICE: Dashed nonsense, really. I wonder that I believe in any of it. Are we really going to get home? (Whoosh!)

NYSSA: We're back! We made it.

DOCTOR: Yes.

(Thud. Adric groans.)

DOCTOR: Adric, are you all right, Adric?

BEATRICE: I'll ring for help. Brenda? Brenda?

DOCTOR: Adric? Come on, Adric, stay with us.

ADRIC: Oh Doctor, we made it.

DOCTOR: Yes, and we couldn't have done it without your calculations.

BRENDA: Madam!

BEATRICE: Don't stand there gawping, girl. Your mistress is home again.

BRENDA: It's unbe-bloomin'-lievable. You've been gone all of six weeks.

BEATRICE: That doesn't alter the fact that we need you... Six weeks? Great Heavens. All of London will think we're dead. In poor Rupert's case, they'll be right.

BRENDA: Mister Von Thal is dead?

BEATRICE: Alas so. He died as he lived, an adventurer and a hero.

BRENDA: And what is that?

DOCTOR: Who is that, I think you mean.

BEATRICE: Mister Adric. A... gentleman we brought back with us.

BRENDA: Looks like an old vagabond.

BEATRICE: I see discipline has slackened in my absence. Go and ready a guest room, Brenda, and we'll have no more of this back talk.

BRENDA: Oh. Yes, Ma'am.

ADRIC: Where... where are we?

DOCTOR: Where we wanted to be. In Mrs Mapp's front parlour, in the middle of 19th century London.

ADRIC: Oh. The Industrial Age. Oh. Oh let, let me take a look.

NYSSA: Don't try to get up too quickly.

BEATRICE: Sit down, sir. It's only Tavistock Square out there.

ADRIC: No, no, no, I want to see it, please. Let, let me sit by the window.

NYSSA: Doctor?

DOCTOR: If that's what he wants. Here, take my arm.

ADRIC: Oh yes.

BEATRICE: I'll open the casement, let some fresh air in. Oh, I was starting to think I'd never see plain old London ever again. Look, the Spring has come. The blossom's out. I'd, er, better see what Brenda's up to.

ADRIC: I've abandoned them, Doctor. I've condemned them all to death.

DOCTOR: In a manner of speaking.

NYSSA: Did that civilisation ever exist, though, Doctor?

DOCTOR: In its own separate bubble of Time. Adric's leaving it has sealed that bubble off forever.

ADRIC: I should have stayed with them. They were my friends, and one should never desert one's friends. (window closed) I'm going to die, aren't I?

NYSSA: No. You just need to rest.

ADRIC: You've a logical mind, Nyssa. Don't cloud it with sentimental nonsense. I'm going to die. And I'm glad. I should have died before I was twenty. But the universe found a way for me to live. Huh. I didn't see how lucky I was.

DOCTOR: It's often like that in life.

ADRIC: Please, Doctor, no platitudes. You'll be telling me next that I've had a good innings.

DOCTOR: Five hundred years, not bad.

NYSSA: Five hundred?

ADRIC: Oh, I'm tired now. Leave me, will you?

DOCTOR: Of course.

NYSSA: We'll come back later.

ADRIC: Er, you've both got new lives to organise, haven't you? You need a home, proper employment.

DOCTOR: Indeed. Without the Tardis, our lives are going to be quite different.

ADRIC: Er, well, perhaps you'll experiment with Block Transfer Computation again, Doctor?

DOCTOR: Perhaps not. Goodbye, Adric. We'll look in again later. Goodbye, Adric.

ADRIC: Goodbye, both of you. Oh, they've gone. Were you listening, my little friends? In the wainscoting, up in the rafters? Were you listening in? I left an empire of your forebears behind, and look at you now. Skittering little things. Your brains are so tiny. Ah. Will you let me be your Excellency again? Will you sing for me? Have you forgotten how? Oh, come. Sing with me. 0010, eh? Concentrate. Oh, come on. 0010. 100...

BEATRICE: I never thought I'd taste tea ever again.

DOCTOR: Indeed. I'm fond of it myself. I find it soothes and invigorates at the same time.

BEATRICE: It's also normal, ordinary. And right now that's what I need. I keep telling myself that I'm sitting on a wooden chair in my kitchen in Bloomsbury.

DOCTOR: And not on a log round a camp fire in prehistoric Earth.

NYSSA: What are you going to tell Professor Quandry?

BEATRICE: Sorry, my dear?

NYSSA: Professor Quandry, about Rupert?

BEATRICE: I shall say...

(Door opens.)

BRENDA: He's gone. Vanished into thin air!

BEATRICE: Brenda! What are you talking about? Who's gone?

BRENDA: That old man, Mister Adric.

NYSSA: What?

DOCTOR: What do you mean, vanished into thin air?

BRENDA: Just that. I was taking him a tray of tea, and as I was pausing outside the door about to knock, I heard these strange noises coming from the other side. Noises like he was singing to himself. I thought perhaps he was feeling better. But when I opened the parlour door, he was gone.

DOCTOR: Nyssa, come on.

DOCTOR: Oh no!

BRENDA: I don't know what you were expecting to see. I told ya, he'd gone. Was he a magician or something?

DOCTOR: Mathematician, actually. A rather brilliant one, as it happens.

NYSSA: Doctor, by the window. Look.

BEATRICE: It's him!

BRENDA: Upon... No...

DOCTOR: He's on his way back.

NYSSA: But from where?

ADRIC: A final journey, Doctor.

DOCTOR: What journey, Adric? Where did you go?

ADRIC: Oh... I did it, Doctor. I managed to... find it.

DOCTOR: Find what, Adric? Adric!

NYSSA: Oh. Oh no.

DOCTOR: Nyssa, I'm so sorry.

NYSSA: What was he doing? Trying to get back to the past?

DOCTOR: We'll never know. But whatever he was doing, it wore him out. He's gone now. Gone for good.

BEATRICE: Rain. Why does the sun never shine at funerals?

DOCTOR: Pathetic fallacy. Isn't that what you writers call it?

BEATRICE: I'm sorry, Doctor. To have come so far only to fall at the final hurdle. It's tragic.

NYSSA: What will you do now, Beatrice?

BEATRICE: Believe it or not, I'm going to travel the world. I can't write romances from the comfort of Tavistock Square. Poor Rupert taught me that. I have to be out there in the world.

NYSSA: That's wonderful.

BEATRICE: I can still hear his voice inside my head, you know, calling me old girl, and so forth. Well, goodbye to you both.

DOCTOR: Good luck with your travels, Beatrice.

BEATRICE: You will visit again, won't you, before I go abroad?

DOCTOR: We'll certainly try.

BEATRICE: I hope so. (leaves)

NYSSA: Come on, you. Back to Baker Street. Doctor?

DOCTOR: This is where they buried Brewster's mother, do you remember? Time is circular, Nyssa, what goes around comes around.

NYSSA: Doctor, being morbid isn't helping.

DOCTOR: Adric came away with me in my Tardis a very long time ago, and I was supposed to look after him and keep him safe. Perhaps it's just as well my travelling days are over.

NYSSA: This doesn't have to be the end. What about your people? Other Time Lords must have explored this time zone too.

DOCTOR: Oh yes. Iris especially. But we're not asking *her* for any favours.

NYSSA: Couldn't you hitch a ride with a former self, perhaps?

DOCTOR: Nyssa, you've a lot to learn about the nature of paradox.

NYSSA: Yes, perhaps.

DOCTOR: Sorry. You're the last person I want to be snappy with.

NYSSA: None of it was your fault, you know.
DOCTOR: I seem to make such a mess of things. Poor Adric.
NYSSA: I'm still here.
DOCTOR: Yes. Yes, you are.
NYSSA: I know it's complicated being you, being the Doctor.
DOCTOR: You know, Nyssa, sometimes I...
NYSSA: Doctor? What is it?
DOCTOR: Ionisation. Don't you feel it? Particles in the air being shunted around. Making space!
NYSSA: Space for what?
(The Tardis materialises.)
DOCTOR: I don't believe it. Come on!
NYSSA: I... I don't understand.
DOCTOR: She's here! She's come back!
NYSSA: Quick, before she goes again.
DOCTOR: Key, key, key.
(Door opens.)
THOMAS: Hello, Doc. Miss Nyssa.
DOCTOR + NYSSA: Brewster!
THOMAS: What are you looking at me like that for? I'm fine. Legs are like eels in jelly. Still, I've found you again, that's the main thing.
DOCTOR: How did you do it, Brewster? How did you get here? Tell me.
THOMAS: I got 'elp, like.
DOCTOR: Help? What sort of help?
THOMAS: Thought he was some kind of phantom at first.

THOMAS: This is it, Brewster. You ain't gonna blag your way out of this one. Here we go. Brown bread time!
ADRIC: 0001, 1100, 0110.
THOMAS: M-mother? Is that you?
ADRIC: Ah. You won't get anywhere by hiding under the console, you know.
THOMAS: Who ... who are you?
ADRIC: I tried it myself once, and it did no good at all.
THOMAS: Are you a phantom?
ADRIC: Hardly.
THOMAS: Then how come you ain't properly substantial?
ADRIC: I'm a Block Transfer projection.
THOMAS: And what's one of them when it's at 'ome?
ADRIC: In your language, a phantom, I suppose.
THOMAS: Exactly, so pike off. I don't talk to phantoms.
ADRIC: Now, look here. I'm here to help. I can work this machine, and seeing as you're about to crash through the temporal horizon you obviously can't.
THOMAS: You know how it works?
ADRIC: Of course. I was a companion aboard this ship many, many years ago. And whatever the Doctor says, I was starting to learn how to control it. The Tardis knew me. She was starting to give up her secrets to me.
THOMAS: You know the Doctor?
ADRIC: Of old. And you are...?
THOMAS: Thomas Brewster. I, er... shouldn't be 'ere.
ADRIC: Yes, I gathered that. An orphan and a petty thief.
THOMAS: Oi!
ADRIC: Ah! Oh, what's he done with the flux capacitor? Ah well, I'll have to re-route power through the chronos nodes and...
THOMAS: What - what are you doing?
ADRIC: Sending you back, I hope, you and the Tardis. Sending you home.
Ah! There. Goodbye, Thomas Brewster. You stay with the Doctor, won't you? If you don't belong anywhere, in any time, if you're an orphan, then the best thing to do is to stay with the Doctor.
THOMAS: Wait. Who ... who are you?
ADRIC: Adric. Remember my name. And one day, you can ask the Doctor what became of me. It's a good story, I can promise you that.

THOMAS: With that he just faded away, like a barge in the fog.
NYSSA: He saved us, Doctor.
THOMAS: And me, Miss. So Doc, what's the story, this Eric?
DOCTOR: Adric. I'll tell you inside, unless you'd rather stay behind in London?

THOMAS: You mean, you'll take me with you, on your travels?

DOCTOR: If you want to come. But be warned, sometimes terrible things can happen.

NYSSA: And so can wonderful things.

DOCTOR: Come on, let's get out of this rain. And this time, Brewster, I think I'll take the helm, if you don't mind?

THOMAS: Whatever you say. You're the skipper.

DOCTOR: Don't call me that.

NYSSA: He's not always this grumpy. He'll cheer up once he's back at the controls.

THOMAS: I wouldn't be so sure, Miss.

(Tardis door closes, Tardis stutters.)

DOCTOR [OC]: Thomas Brewster, what have you been doing to my Tardis?

THOMAS [OC]: Er, nothing.

(The Tardis dematerialises.)

DOCTOR [OC]: You, young man, have got some serious explaining to do.